

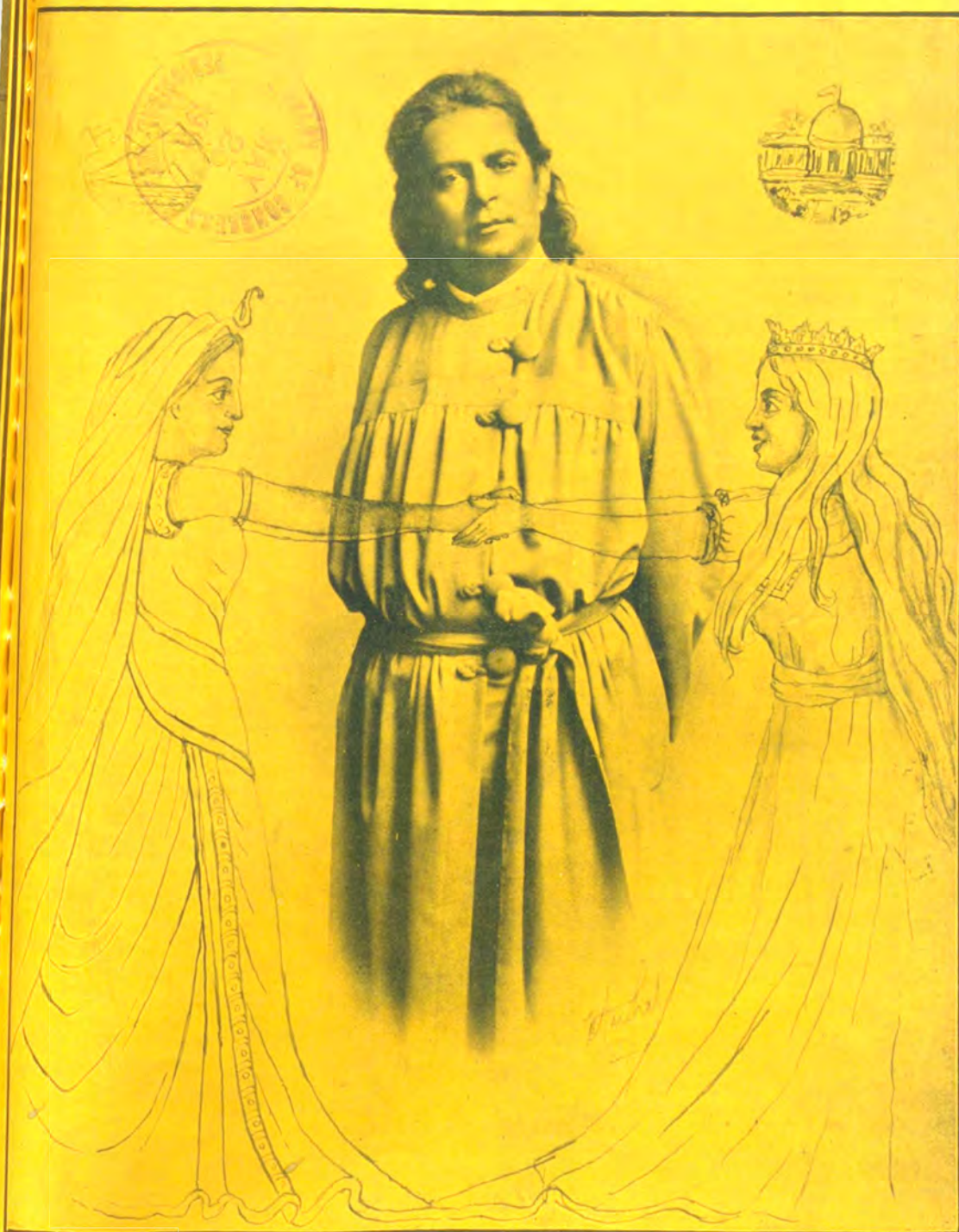
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MAY, 1911

EAST AND WEST

Magazine and Review of Thought—Combined with "The Light of India"



EDITED BY

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Combined with "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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SRIMATI SATYABALA DEVI
The Hindoo Lady Musician who is now in America.
(Page 249)

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COMBINED WITH "THE LIGHT OF INDIA"

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MAY 1911

No. 7

GLORY TO THEE, THOU WHO ART LOVE!

Glory to Thee, O Creator of all, Thou who art in all, of all, and with all. Glory to Thee, Thou who art Love. May we know Thee as Thou art, may we see Thy face where'er our eyes do turn, may we feel Thy hand where'er our gropings are, may we know Thy footsteps where'er our footfalls linger! May Thy Word be recognized in each sound that falls athwart our hearing, may Thy smile be spied in each grace that encompasses us about, and Thy love be proven in each obstacle that confronts us! May Thy will be the rungs by which we mount unto Thy love, and the cognition of Thy will the fulfilment of our desire! May we know, do and love Thy law, seeing in it the weal of the world and the crown of welfare unto its people.

WHAT MATTERS MOST OF ALL

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

It matters not what hand it is
That leads me to the height;
It matters not what race it be
That points to me the light.

It matters not what gods I serve,
Nor yet what creed I hold;
Wherefrom the Truth doth come to me,
From new lands or from old.

It matters much what good I bring
Onto the world of God;
What service that I render man,
What thoughts I cast abroad.

It matters, too, how I respond
Unto my brother's call;
Yea, if I have a loving heart,
That matters most of all.

Truth: Relative and Absolute

By BABA BHARATI*

BELOVED Ones of My Lord:—I greet you to-night most warmly for two reasons. One is, that I am almost on the eve of my departure from your land, a land of warmth of the heart and warmth of hospitality. And that you have come to me to hear about the truth that is absolute and truth that is relative speaks well of you.

We all live in the relative world, the world of relations. Our consciousness only cognizes the world relatively, facts relative, things relative. Most times almost all of us live forgetful of truth that is absolute, of the world that is absolute, of the realm that is absolute, of the plane that is absolute, and yet—wonder of wonders!—this absolute plane, this absolute realm, is within us. It forms the real self of us. This real self that is made of this truth absolute we keep forgetting twenty-four hours. This truth absolute which forms, as I have said, the very self of us, our real self, we keep forgetting every minute, and live on the relative world, believing our real self to be made up of the stuff of this relative world. We most of us think that this body is our real self, and only a few think that the mind is their real self; fewer still know that the soul is their real self, and fewest live in consciousness of the fact that man's soul is his real self.

"What is the Truth?" has been asked through all the ages, and through all the ages prophets and sages and incarnations of God have been born to interpret this Truth, to satisfy this question of the human heart, of the human intellect and the human mind. This question is ever asking itself within man, because man lives on the relative world; his consciousness is filled with the shadows and reflections of the relative world. He doesn't see even the truth within himself or even the truth outside of himself; and whenever he has a little time, whenever he sees the vanities of the outer world, the will-o'-the-wisps which he has been following, the will-o'-the-wisps which have always eluded his grasp, the will-o'-the-wisps which he thought to be the Truth, and the will-o'-the-wisps which have mocked him for his folly; whenever he finds a little time aside from the world, he can meditate on the matter and get away from the shadows and reflections that cover his consciousness, he can concentrate on what is the real Truth, and may find it. Man also wants to know what is the right thing to do in life, what is, in fact, the right life; whether he has been living the right life all through; even good as he has been, perhaps, whether this good that he pursued is after all the real good. There stands the question. We all of us instinctively want to do the thing

that is good, the thing that is right; but what is the real right, what is the real good? We most times do not know, we are perplexed. What is good for one we have found is not good for others; what is good for others is not good for some; what is good under some conditions is evil under other conditions. I will instance it: You have some good customs here—you think them to be good. To the Eastern people, they are not good—they are evil customs. And they have some customs that they think to be good which when you hear of them you think to be bad. And the Hindoos, because of your customs that they think evil, condemn you as followers of bad customs, and you condemn their customs which you think to be evil. Customs of a people are the growth of their conditions. You here have customs which are the growth of conditions of your life; Hindoos have customs which are the growth of conditions of their life. So it is good for them to follow those customs that have grown out of their conditions, and it is good for you to follow those customs that have been born of your conditions. To descend from the abstract to the concrete, you think widows should marry; the Hindoos think that a widow should not marry. A widow marries here under conditions which make it sometimes imperative for her to marry, while it is not possible for the Hindoo widow to marry, because the Hindoo widow lives in the atmosphere of mental harmony, which, if she marries, will be broken to pieces. I am only showing you that what is good in some countries, under some conditions, is not good in some other country, under conditions of that country.

What is the Truth? Generally truth's accepted meaning is, a fact; what is a fact is a truth. Fact of what? The new world, the new West, doesn't stop to think of that, that there are facts of the physical world, there are facts of the psychical world, there are facts of the spiritual world, and what is a fact on the physical plane is not a fact of the psychical plane, and what is a fact of the psychical plane is not a fact of the spiritual plane, and what is accepted as fact by the superficial world, by the workaday world, is nothing but cognition of a fact of the physical world, cognized by the senses. When something really happens it is the cognition of a happening on the physical plane, on the material plane. Now, that fact of the material plane may not be a fact of the psychical plane, much less of the spiritual plane.

We sometimes see some person come to us, beautiful to look upon, and we think a great deal of him; we think he is not

*Verbatim report of extempore lecture, delivered at the Krishna Temple, Los Angeles, California.

only beautiful in outer appearance but must be beautiful within. Experience shows soon enough that that person has a beautiful exterior but a bad interior. You see! Deluded by the outer appearance we take a person to be good, but through experience we find him to be bad. So senses always delude us. I have given only one instance, but you will all know of hundreds of instances. For instance, physicists, material scientists, hard-headed materialists do not cognize any spiritual truths or psychological facts that you can put before them. They call them all false dreams of weak brains—do they not? And yet most of you, at least some of you, have found those facts to be truths; you have experienced them, you have been face to face with them; they have been with you all the time that you have been thinking of them. And yet when you put them before this material scientist, he pooh-poohs the idea; he calls it a delusion. So the facts of the physical world, the material world, are not absolute facts; they are seeming facts, relative facts that delude us. I will presently show.

A fact should be known by its value to us; a truth should be appraised by its value to our real interests. If a truth can cause some permanent benefit, some benefit that will last, then that truth is a truth; but a truth or a fact that causes only temporary benefit and afterwards turns out to be not only not true but a falsity, then that truth is not the truth that you took it to be. And the best interest of man, the highest interest of man is his happiness. There is no doubt about that, for the whole world is trying to be happy; whatever they are doing, every minute of their lives, every man or woman or child is trying to be happy; all he or she is doing is trying to be happy, to bring about within a harmonious condition, which is called happiness, satisfaction, contentment. There is no escape out of this fact that people are trying to be happy, not only to be happy but really to be permanently happy, to be happy for good; they are trying to attain an equilibrium of mind, or harmony of mind, whatever you like to call it, which will last for good, which will not be evanescent, which will not be transitory. Therefore they are trying to be permanently happy, hunting for permanent happiness, and anything that contributes to that permanent happiness of man, to the harmony within, is not only good but a fact and a truth that is absolute.

Here I will give you the etymology of the word "truth." The word "truth" translated into Sanscrit is "satya." "Truth" is derived from the Latin "sto"—to stand; "Satya" is derived from the Sanscrit root "sat." That which is "sat" means that which is substantial, that which is made of unchangeable substance, that which is

unchangeable, that which never changes. From "sat" comes the word "sto" in Latin, that which stands, that which never changes, that which stands in the same condition ever. So the word "truth," whether in Sanscrit or in English, means the reality, the one thing that is changeless, that is ever in the same condition, always in the same condition. That is the truth. Out of that unchangeable condition is manifested something which is changeable called creation. How wonderful that is, that this unchangeable principle should have reflections which would seem changeable! But changeable to what? Changeable to the eye of one who lives in that changeable realm, whose consciousness is made up of the reflections and thoughts of the changeable world. But one who has got himself in the depth of things, has got into the depth of himself, into his soul, into the changeless realm which is represented by the soul—to him there is no change; he finds in all these changes that we all see by our physical eyes, that we cognize by our physical eyes, in all these changeable phenomena he sees that one changeless essence pervading everything.

This changeable phenomena is called the relative world, which means that the phenomena exists in relation to other phenomena; they can not exist by themselves. All the events that are happening every day, are nothing but changes in outer nature. And there are changes, happening within man, within human minds, and these changes are known as thoughts. All the thoughts that are rising in us are the events of the inner world. These thoughts reflect actions, and these actions are called events.

We have an idea of truth in the outer world. If anybody says something which is not borne out by what is called fact, by which we mean not in conformity to some happening, the details of some happening, then we call him a liar. We ought to call him a liar from the standpoint of the material world, the changeable world. But we sometimes see some wonderful people that may now and then speak a "white lie," or for that matter, even a deliberate lie, and yet we have found when we have investigated into their inner life, into their home life, into their life in all relations to others, that they live truth, that they act truthfully. And yet now and then they may speak what you call a lie, only now and again. You all have met such people, perhaps, every day in your life. But generally the moment we find somebody speaking something that is false, we will have nothing to do with that body, we almost have a contempt for that body. Certainly, we must always speak the truth; we ought to speak truth in the sense that we must speak of things as they are, as we experience them, as we have seen them. But,

said the divine Narada, the most divine Rishi of all times in India, in giving his advice on truth to Shukadeva, who was making the grand ascent, "Speak always the truth; but more than that speak that which is sweet, that is harmonious. To speak something that is more harmonizing is even better than stating a fact. If there be a truth that will hurt people, not only their feelings but even their conditions, do not speak it, do not speak that truth." How bold are those Rishis, these illuminated ones!

A sister has a brother whom she loves with all a sister's love. The love of God pervades the whole universe—this whole life called the universe—and its forms and its phases are called affections, natural affections, blood affections, and every natural affection in the human heart is a phase of this love; that affection that is felt by the sister for the brother, and between brother and brother, father and son, mother and daughter, all these affections are but so many phases of God's love that pervades everything and pervades human blood and human nature. This sister's brother has committed a murder or has committed a great crime, and the police are after him. He has run to his sister and asked her to hide him. He goes to that sister knowing that she was his best friend in the world. To that sister he confesses his guilt, and the sister has hidden him somewhere out of the ken of men. The police come and ask: "Did you see a man come this way, coming to your house?" "No, sir." "Didn't your brother come here?" "No sir, he never came here; he has never come to see me for the last one year; I haven't seen him." I put this to you: What would you do under those circumstances? Would you betray your brother and say to the police, "My brother is there hiding in the cellar; go and catch him." Would you tell them? I know your answer: you could not tell them. And yet that is untrue, is it not?—to deny that the brother was hiding in that sister's house. Now you are confronted with the problem: What would you say—"Yes" or "No?" Your reason is gone at the time, taken flight before the king—Love—and you say all the falsities that come glibly to your tongue; you cast all intellectual ideas of falsity and truth to the winds, and the truth that is within you, the love that is within you, speaks out its best sentences and makes even a truth out of a lie. If you give away your brother, if you say "He is here," you are a liar. Why? Because you have acted against the real truth, the love of a sister for a brother. And society would call it so; society, when it hears that you have given away your brother who had taken refuge in your house, would condemn you, because the love in society's heart for a brother will rise, the truth that is within

society will rise and condemn you. Is it not so? So here comes truth absolute and truth relative.

Krishna, the greatest Incarnation of God, the Lord God who came down to earth five thousand years ago, gave an interpretation of this truth that is relative and truth that is absolute. Arjuna, the great warrior whose charioteer Krishna was, came to see Yudhishthira, his eldest brother, who was the king; to take the dust of his feet before going to fight the greatest hero on the other side, Karna, whom Yudhishthira feared more than any other hero on the other side. He was under the impression that the fight had begun, and he was waiting for the heralds to come and tell him news of the battle. Instead of that, he saw Arjuna enter the tent with Krishna, and out of his fear he thought that Arjuna, out of fear, had left the battle-field, had been beaten by Karna and come to take refuge in his tent. All his faith in this greatest hero, his brother Arjuna, is gone. His fear took possession of him and he at once burst out in a torrent of abuse of his brother, and said: "Thou hast come back even like a coward; thou hast been beaten;" and many other things for a hero like Arjuna to stand, and finally he ended by saying: "Throw away that sword hanging by your side; you are not worthy to touch it, the sword of a hero!" Now Arjuna had vowed some time before that he who asked him to throw away his sword he would kill, because he was a mighty Kshatriya, born to have the sword beside him, the symbol of a warrior, the sword which he carried because of his warrior-birth. He had vowed a few days before, and to keep that vow he drew the sword out of its scabbard and ran at Yudhishthira to behead him. Yudhishthira was confused in his mind on account of the fear that he was entertaining, and here Arjuna, instead of asking his brother for the reason of the unjust abuse, ran to kill his brother whom he loved more than anybody else in the world. Everything else was forgotten, and here was this greatest man of wisdom and heroism going to kill his elder brother, who is regarded in India as a father. As he ran, Krishna, the divinest Incarnation, caught him by the arm and held him, and said, "What are you going to do?" "Krishna," he said, "I must kill him. You know I am a Kshatriya and I made the vow; I must make my vow true. He has called me a coward and has told me to throw away my Kshatriya sword."

Krishna said, "What is a vow?" Arjuna said, "A vow is a truth. When we vow we speak the truth, and then we want to make it true." Krishna said, "Truth! You want to act in that insane way to establish truth? Now, first know what is truth." Arjuna said, "Why, there is no disguising the fact

that I did vow, and if I fail to kill him all my honor will be gone." "Surely," said the Lord, "a delusion takes possession of even the wise! Now, first let us see what is truth. What may be true under certain conditions may not be true under other conditions." Krishna quoted several conditions and among them all he instanced a true story. He said: "There was a man who used to sit under a tree, an ascetic, and he vowed to speak the truth, and he hoped to go to heaven, to go to God, to gain salvation, through the speaking of truth in every case, under all conditions. A rich merchant was pursued by some robbers, and this rich merchant, bejewelled and carrying a large amount of money, ran for his life, and finding that ascetic sitting under a tree in front of his hut, he thought he was the man who would protect him and that he might seek sanctuary in his hut, and he had no time to talk with him because of his close pursuit, so he went to the back of the hut and hid himself in full confidence of the ascetic's protection. The robbers came up and knowing that this ascetic spoke the truth under all conditions, they described the merchant and asked if he had seen him, and where he went. The ascetic said, 'I have seen him.' They asked, 'Where has he gone?' By his forefinger he showed that he was hidden behind his hut. The robbers caught him, dragged him away, killed him, and took all his jewels and money." Krishna said, "That man who thought he spoke the truth spoke a lie, a lie, a lie," and he stamped his foot three times, emphasizing it. "If he had said, 'I didn't see him; I don't know where he has gone,' or if he said, 'He has gone this way,' he would have spoken the truth, the truth, the truth. So, Arjuna, know what is the truth under conditions."

So here the Lord told Arjuna, "If you had vowed to make certain statements true, it could not be made true by killing your oldest brother, who is like your father. Far truer is your brotherly affection than your vow." This story cannot but appeal to you all. Here the Lord says that harmony is truth, and even a seeming truth that creates inharmony is an untruth, it is a lie, not a falsity, though the circumstances may be stated all right. Krishna said, "If he had lied here and saved the life of that man, he would have spoken the truth." Why? Because he would have acted truthfully, he would have lived the truth, whose essence is harmony. These men, by killing that man, committed the sin of murder, which blackened their heart by the committal of that murder. Then a life was lost; that was another sin. And all these sins were on the head of that ascetic who caused it all by wanting to speak the truth under all circumstances. He wanted to speak the relative truth, and through the relative truth he wanted to get to truth

absolute. Through that vow, instead of going to heaven, where he wanted to go, he went to hell. Says Narada, again at the last, after he had spoken to Shukadeva: "Truth, according to me and all the sages, is that which is related to the truth absolute, which is related to the source of things, which is **Sat**, the Permanent, which is related to that first principle, the changeless principle, out of which all changeable-looking phenomena have sprung."

A man just came to us and spoke of some event that had happened down town, some fire or something, and described it truthfully. It is a truth—certainly; but does that truth do you any good? Hearing of a great fire and the people dying,—it may arouse your sympathy, but it gives you no happiness, it doesn't harmonize the forces of your mind. But a man comes and speaks to you of things spiritual, and as he is speaking to you of things spiritual he tells you a story. He tells you of someone that was standing on the street, preaching God and preaching love for all mankind, from his heart. Tears flow from his eyes, and the audience whose minds he harmonizes fall into sympathy with the man; they also weep. The story may be all disconnected, may be altogether out of his imagination, but when he tells you this story the love of God enters into you. What he tells you may be a fiction, but he tells it with the absolute truth of his very soul, from out the intensest love for God, and that love for God enters through his words into your heart and fills your heart with love for God. He has spoken the truth, though you may call it fiction. See?

We read novels. They are stories of fictitious characters; they are delineations of fictitious events; and yet what grand truths that are delineated in some novels! They are so powerful that they take possession of us and harmonize our senses and attributes of the mind. See? Under that cover of fiction there is truth. Fictions are sometimes stranger than truths of the relative world. Facts of this inner realm, facts of the spiritual realm, of the moral realm, are of greater value than the facts of the material realm. You read in all the newspapers the horrid articles. Instead of thinking a little of God, you grab the newspaper with your morning breakfast and pore over the horrors of all the events that have happened during the last twenty-four hours, events that are blood-curdling in their delineation, and you breakfast on horrors; your mind is all filled with inharmony; your mind is tossed by pain. See? But you read a spiritual book that has some wonderful truths, delineated by a powerful mind that has absorbed those truths. The vibrations that you absorb from those passages are helpful to you; they put your mind into harmony. It may not be true according to most readers who

do not believe in the spiritual world; but it has done you infinite good, it has done you the greatest good, you being spiritually-minded. The horrors in the newspapers on which you breakfast and sup,—they may be all true as to facts, but the truthful statements are not true from the standpoint of your best interests—securing harmony of the mind, for which you have been trying from your childhood up. That which brings about harmony is truth.

I have not told you not to speak truths of the material world. Narada says: "Always speak the truth—even the truths of the material world." Why? If we speak the truth always, that keeps our mind cleared, that keeps our mind in harmony. If we speak some untruth, being induced by selfishness or out of spite or through some reason—what happens? It causes in-harmony in the mind; our consciousness revolts against it, however much we suppress it. But I have told you there are truths in the material plane that are falsities on the spiritual plane, the moral plane, where we really live, where we are trying hard always to keep our foot-hold. And absolute truth is harmony. Harmony is truth, but the greatest harmony is but the expression of the grandest and the greatest truth—Love. Love is the Greatest Truth, the Truth Absolute. Love is the Primal Principle of Life; Love is God.

What is the absolute? That which exists by itself, which exists without any relation to anything else; that which is self-evident, self-existent, is absolute. Love that is absolute, love that has no cause, love that has no motive behind it but its own motive is Love Absolute, is the Truth Absolute.

If we can develop this love within us we live in Truth Absolute. This love that is unto itself its own satisfaction, that is man's highest joy because its attributes are harmony, peace, good-will, this love when we develop it within ourselves, then we have achieved the highest deed in the world, we have attained to the goal of life; and that goal is unbroken happiness, happiness that flows from within and is dependent on nothing outside. To get that love is to think of that love, to think of that love absolute, that knows no hate, that is not mixed up with anything else, but the love that goes in all directions from you, that radiates around you, that is within your soul, that love which is the substance of your soul, the part of God within you, the part of the all-pervading God within you. The God that pervades all this whole life, called creation, pervades you, and that part of God-love that pervades you is your soul. Therein is the fountain of love and truth—in your soul.

But how to get it, how to get at it? By

thinking of God, if you can think of this all-pervading God. But your finite-conditioned mind, your mind that has always thought of finite things and has become finite in its vision, in its grasp, in its comprehension, in its understanding, cannot grasp this infinite, all-pervading love. Therefore you have to put your mind upon something that is concrete, some center of that all-pervading love, some embodiment of that all-pervading love, that is, as it were, a gate, a door to that all-pervading love. If you concentrate your mind upon that gate, upon that door, upon that center of that absolute, all-pervading love, then you will absorb that love from that object of your concentration; for, as I have told you through all the years that I have spoken to you, dear hearts, whatever you think on you absorb the qualities of; you absorb the qualities of anything that you think constantly on. When you constantly think of that center of love, that embodiment of love, you will absorb his qualities.

And what is that center? Where is that embodiment of absolute love to be found? In the Incarnations of God that come down to earth. Think of Christ, if he appeals to you, for he was the embodiment of the absolute love in the flesh. Do you think Christ was finite? No; he was infinite. Christ was only a fleshly-looking form, but the attributes of his mind and soul were infinite, which he showed on the Cross, on Calvary; he showed absolute compassion, absolute love for God and man. His love was not even limited to his enemies, for whom he prayed to God and asked his beloved Father to forgive them, for they knew not what they were doing. Limitless love was there, in that Christ crucified on that cross,—limitless love. So these Incarnations come, embodied in flesh, but really these flesh-embodiments are centers of the infinite qualities of God, whose radiant expressions they are. If Krishna appeals to you, think of Krishna, the one that came as the Full-Incarnation of God and radiated love through every pore of his body; through every expression of his life he radiated love. Those who looked upon him were drunk with the love which he was made of. Whoever thought of him and thinks of him to-day with all the heart, and thinks of him concentratedly, is filled with the love, the manifestation of which he was the embodiment. If Christianity appeals to you, think of Christ. If Krishna appeals to you, think of Krishna, and you will absorb the love of the object of your thought, the love that he radiates, the love that we are all seeking—aye, we are seeking from the time we open our eyes on this physical world. We are trying to find that love. We cannot exist without that Love. And that love Christ and Krishna brought down and manifested in their actions; and that

love we can all absorb by thinking of them lovingly. Daily, daily, dear hearts, daily—only an hour, an hour, or give the first half an hour of your day to thinking of this embodied love in human flesh, called Christ or Krishna. Think, think a half hour, only a half,—I beg of you; but daily, daily, daily. Make it a habit, a habit that will be a greater habit than the habit of eating, the habit of, feeling hungry, because you will awaken within you this spiritual hunger which will calm down your physical hun-

ger, and your spiritual hunger will be permanent; and daily and daily, when you go on in this way, you will, in time, be filled with wisdom and ecstasy, and then you will all remember this poor, humble friend of yours, Baba Bharati, that wanted to impress upon your mind this eternal pursuit of all the ages, of all the prophets that have gone before us, of all the illumined saints that send vibrations of the spiritual realm in every clime. Then you will know me as your very humble and sincere friend.

Apollonius of Tyana

HIS JOURNEY TO INDIA

WITH two companions Apollonius started on foot toward the Far East, to learn philosophy from the Magi and the Brahmin Gymnosophists, as Pythagoras had done in his time. At Nineveh (A. D. 43) he found Damis, the Assyrian, who was henceforth to be his faithful companion and adoring disciple. Damis offered himself as interpreter, but Apollonius said, "I know all the tongues you have mentioned, without having learned any of them. And marvel not that I know all that men say, for I know also what they say not."

From Nineveh they went to Babylon. A Parthian man of authority sternly asked Apollonius, "Who are you that you are thus entering the territory of a great king?" and received the answer, "Mine is all the earth, and I have a right to go just where I choose." They were well received by King Bardanes, who invited Apollonius to join him in a bloody sacrifice. But Apollonius said, "Do thou sacrifice, O King, in thy way, and let me sacrifice in mine." Then he offered up incense, saying, "Sun, send me as far as seemeth good to me and to thee; and may I know good men; but let me not know bad men nor bad men me." The Magi did not come up to his expectations, and after staying for nearly two years as an honored guest of the king Bardanes, who tried to keep him at his court by liberal offers, he proceeded from Babylon, by way of the Caucasus and the Indus, to Taxila, where Praotes reigned as king over the Indians. Here Apollonius stayed three days, the upper limit allowed by the law; but he and the king, who was also an adept in the Pythagorean philosophy, made the most of this short time, and became fast friends.

Traveling towards the home of the Brahmins, the party of Apollonius at length reached a village near the Hill of the Wise Men, where he was met by a messenger saying, "Let your companions spend the night here, but do you come just as you are; for this is what They order." Apollonius followed the messenger up the hill, and as he drew near to the Brahmins, all went to meet him, except their chief, Iarchas, who kept his seat. Welcoming his guest in the Greek language, Iarchas told him who had written his letter of introduction, told him his family history, and many other things, which astonished Apollonius. He recognized the Brahmin as his superior, and asked to be allowed to learn Wisdom at the feet of the chief. Iarchas readily granted the request, and said, "Ask what question you will, for you have come to men that know everything." Apollonius asked, "Do you know yourselves?" Iarchas answered, "We know everything because we know ourselves first."

The party stayed with the Brahmins four months, during which time Apollonius learned all they could teach him of their philosophy and theurgy. He later referred to this visit in these words: "I have seen the Indian Brahmins, living on earth and not on earth, fortified without fortification, possessing nothing and possessing all things."—The "Theosophic Messenger."

The Law of Karma

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

THE process of Karma is scientific in the extreme. Every action in the past must come to the light of the sun in its consequential phase. All that is hidden shall be uncovered before it can be destroyed. A sin uncovered is half destroyed while a virtue uncovered is a blessing discovered, a blessing that is one of those events in our lives that are the windfalls of luck or the holy places whereon we remove our sandals and tread not with the dust of earth on our shoes. Nothing in the universe of man or God can be lost or forgotten; and, what is more, no event can stand alone, as it must ever attract unto itself its like, thus swelling its bulk, its power, its potency and visiting its sins and bestowing its virtues unto the third and fourth generations of the births that are to follow. No action of ours is independent of a foregone cause. Each deed, good or bad, each thought, high or low, each event, great or small, is but the link that fits into the chain of our own weaving. We are in this life working out the Sanchit or stored-up Karma of our past lives. We are but walking in the paths, entering into the environments, acting on the impulses which in our past lives we have created. Our families and friends, our tastes and accomplishments, our acquirements and failures, all these are but the conditions which we ourselves have made and which in turn we are again forging for our future. It is the Karma of the family that draws us into its midst; it is our Karma that finds affinity in the Karma of our family, that makes us one of its members.

The Karma of ancestry is but the old, well-known law so often quoted, so little understood—"Like attracts like"—"Birds of a feather flock together,"—and again,—"Each unto its own kind." Karma and reincarnation so fully explain heredity. You are like your grandfather in looks and personality or

like your mother or cousin or sister. Why should you not be? The Karma in you is attracted by the Karma in either of these and by the law of attraction you are drawn into a family that affiliates with you.

Thus also are we attracted to the age we live in. By our Karma we are drawn to meet its conditions, or rather the conditions of certain ages draw us by our Karma into those conditions. Thus, if the greater part of our Karma has been spiritually inclined, made so by thoughts, acts and deeds of a spiritual nature, we are drawn into spiritual environments, in an age where spirituality predominates or where spiritual needs are to be filled and spiritual gifts functioned. So it is also with a Karma made up of past material lives. We are drawn into material conditions to function material powers.

Ofttimes we see a man bowed down with sickening sin and poverty, after years of seeming worthy effort and earnest desire. Inquire deeply into the character of this man and you will find there a lack, a lack to cope with the laws of life, the conditions of the age and the nature of his environments. This lack to back him against all odds is born of his Karma, the measure meted out to him that he in his past lives has meted out to others.

Thus also, you see, in the space of an hour two children are born; one child born in the home of an honored family, he, the desired hope of a loving mother, the wished-for boon of a worthy father,—his path to honor and worthiness is made for him to walk in. The other, the unwelcome guest of a mother in the slums or the obstacle in the path of a girl run wild. Where is the justice? Why, in the fact that the one has in past births acquired much merit by Karma and has earned for himself such an environment, such a mother and father and such advantages. He has commanded it and only receives

what he has deserved, and the other has also made his bed and, therefore, must lie in it. He reaps as he has sown.

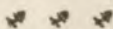
Therein is the justice, the justice that fails not, that turns not aside, that is not stunted and grows overly quick, that swerves not from its course until each farthing is paid, every pound of flesh weighed; that only draws unto itself all that is like itself, thus swelling its trail of good and bad Karma, storming the fortress of its own constructing and demanding its pay in curse or blessing until the account is settled and closed.

The sinner who looks upon the face of the pictured crucified Christ and in

that moment feels his sins slip from him is simply the outcome of his Karma. Again, a flower, a word, a life well lived, a note of music well sounded will have the same result. Another man who has sought to know God, has striven to love Him, feels the weight of sins which he cannot conquer weigh upon him, looks upon that same face and turns away without a glimpse of the Divinity that picture represents. He too is but the outcome of his Karma. The first has simply lived out his bad Karma and is working out the good Prarabdha,—working Karma,—which until now has been overshadowed by the darker one.

SAYINGS OF KRISHNA

Yea, he who seeketh to know self by the practice that is the joining of the human self to the holy self of the Universal Wisdom, he shall behold that human self even absorbed in the self that he seeketh in the Universal Self, for when once he hath caught a glimpse of the Universal Self, which is the creator of holy desire, he shall no more know the limitations—which man in his littleness cognizes. To him all the mysteries of life shall be solved and the intricacies of the problem of his surroundings shall be untangled and the secrets of death shall be clear and he shall know the light that throws its shadow before him. The sun shall shine no more at the back of him, making him to walk in his shadow, but the sun shall beam directly over his head and no shadow shall be cast on any side of him, but he shall see clearly all there is to see.



Wisdom, the All-Pervading God, is in him as it is in the furthestmost top of the Himalaya's crest, and caresses the soles of the ocean's feet. It is lodged in the poison that is hid in the sack neath the fangs of the slimy cobra, and it is the light that radiates from the being bright that functions on planes where thoughts are worlds and worlds are made of thoughts.



He who views all from out of the background which is the Soul, lo, he knows that there is no great, no small, no without and no within, no depths and no heights, no love and no hate, no contentment and no discontentment, no satisfaction and no dissatisfaction, no blessing and no sin, no man and no woman, no death and no quickening, no light and no darkness, no virtue and no vice. He sees but the One, and in viewing the One he absorbs the all, and, seeing no all and no One, he is even of the background and needeth to know no more, for to him all is Soul and Soul is all.

The Real in This Dream Life

By BABA BHARATI

"WE are such stuff as dreams are made of, and our little life is rounded with a sleep," says Shakespeare, the student of human nature, well known to the English speaking world. Soaring aloft on the wings of his imagination, this great modern poet has touched the fringe of many a spiritual truth. But the illuminated poets of India, the Rishis, have drawn their inspired poetry from the realm of Truth Absolute. Their sayings and aphorisms are radiant expressions, through words, of eternal truths which are the expressions of the inner laws of life in the whole, otherwise called Creation. While William Shakespeare only glimpsed the shadows or reflections of these truths, these Rishis of India lived and moved and had their being in their very substance. Shakespeare caught a few truths by his imaginative intellect, for a moment, only to write them, but the Rishis not only grasped them by the mind and intellect, but stored up their essence and potencies within their hearts, which vibrated through their whole being, and moved them to thoughts and actions which are in consonance with their harmonious spirit.

Says Sage Shakespeare again, giving us a little philosophic glimpse of the sort of dream this human life is:

Tomorrow and tomorrow, and tomorrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
To the last syllable of appointed time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his way upon the stage,
And then is heard no more: It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

That this world is a dream will be apparent to any deeply reflective mind. The Western peoples, especially the Americans, live in such hurry in this strenuous life which is the outcome of their complex and newfangled civilization, that it is hard for the greatest majority of them to stop to think of the life they are living—even to know whether they are in the realm of reality or in the realm of fantasy. Events and duties of this material life crowd into their waking hours to such an extent, that most of them have little leisure to analyze life, and find out what it is and what is its meaning and object. And yet if they will reflect a little, they cannot help being forced into the irresistible conclusion that there is little difference or none between the experiences of their waking life, and the experiences of their dreams while sleeping. The incidents of a dream seem to the dreamer to be all real until he wakes up. Even a nightmare, with all its horrid sensations and imageries, is all real for the moment to its victim. When the dreamer wakes up, he finds it is a dream, nothing but a dream, and he discards it as unreal. But this dream that we dream in sleep is but a dream within a dream. It is a sleeping dream within a waking dream. Truly, as the bard of Avon says, this waking life of ours is of the stuff that dreams are made of. Incidents of our waking life, like the incidents of the dream, seem to be all real while we are experiencing them. But in a little while, these experiences become mere memories, somewhat like the memories of an impressive dream. This life, to most of us, is a life of the senses—life composed of the experiences of our senses, cognized by their master, the mind. The experiences of our senses are but the impressions upon them of their objects, the objects which these senses cognize and reflect upon the attentive mind. Our eyes cognize form, our ears cognize sound, our nostrils cognize smell, our palate cognizes taste, and our skin cognizes touch. Thus, say the Hindu philosophers, the world is made up of these five abstract attributes of matter—sound, touch, form, taste, smell.

And all things, all phenomena that our senses cognize, are but the combined products of these five abstract attributes. The outer, or what is called in philosophical language, the phenomenal world, is made up of compound blendings of these five objects of the senses.

This then is the objective world, and our waking life is only conscious of the mixed reflections of these objects impressed upon our outer consciousness. And for most of us the impressions are mostly distressing to our consciousness—saddening sensations. The joys we have from the experiences of our senses, impressed upon our outer consciousness, are most times very much mixed. Enjoyable for the moment, they last for such a little time that their cessations are either painful or bring us regret. While the delicious food is on the palate, and we are masticating it, it is so pleasurable, but when it is swallowed the pleasurable sensation is gone. When the meal is finished, there remains for a time a faint impression on the mind of the enjoyed pleasure. A little while more, and even that is gone. What a dream this pleasure of good eating is! It was real while the chewing lasted. When the chewing is finished, it is a dream like the sleeping dream that is realized as such when we wake up from it.

So it is with the experience of all the other senses. They are real for the moment, during the moment that they are experienced, and then they become dreams. And our outer life, the life that we generally and mostly live, is made up only of the sensations of these dream-impressions—in waking life. Thus they are of the stuff that dreams are made of. This outer life of ours which most of us only know and live is a waking dream, worse, far worse than our sleeping dreams, for the reason that we come to know that the sleeping dreams are dreams—unreal experiences, while this waking dream which this objective life is, of which our sleeping dreams are but blended reflections, we are hypnotized into believing to be real.

Whence is this hypnosis? Why is it that this hypnosis holds us all the while? Why are we not most of us disillusioned out of the illusion of the senses, the illusion of transitory sensation, caused by momentary cognition of objects which in themselves are mere forms of changes. All objects of the phenomenal universe are changeful, as all of us know. In every one-thousandth part of a second of time, this process of change in every material object is going on, aye, every atom of it is subject to this irresistible law of Nature. It needs no modern scientific help to realize this ever-ceaseless change in every molecule of matter. What then, viewed from this scientific, universally acknowledged scientific standpoint, is matter—this material, this phenomenal world? Change, change, all is change. This is another way of saying, "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity." What is vanity? That which is vain. What is vain? That which has no substance, that which does not last, that which is transitory, that which is ever in the process of change, that which does not stand in the same form or condition in any particle of time. And the whole phenomenal world is that, and I have shown it, and my readers cannot but see it.

This life, therefore, this life that most of us live on the surface of it, this life of mere sense-impressions, of ever-changing, therefore, illusory matter, is worse than a dream dreamed in sleep. Out of a sleeping dream we awake, and we get out of its illusion, but out of the illusion of this waking dream, this dream life that we live, it is hardest for us to be awakened. And yet, is there no means to bring about the awakening? Yes, there is, but we take no trouble, either to know that means or to use it. It is by realizing the real in this dream-stuff that is called the world, it is by contemplating the change-

less substance back of this changeful phenomenon, it is by anchoring our mind on the permanent foundation of Nature—its changeless basic principle—that we can fully cognize the dream of this dream life, that this waking dream is a worse dream than the sleeping dreams. This requires the knowledge of the laws and principles of the inner world, which are immutable laws and principles which are operating in consonance with the spirit of the permanent basic principle of life, and which laws and principles can only be satisfactorily learned from the philosophers of India who alone give an analysis of Nature or Life from its surface down to its very bottom which is this basic principle called the Universal Soul. When the mind, after deep study of these philosophers, thinks, as it cannot but think, constantly of the operation of these laws and principles, it cannot but absorb the essence of this basic principle of which these laws and principles are but the expressions. The mind will then cognize the fact that that fundamental principle of life is Love—Absolute Love. The mind will then find its coign of vantage in this realm of the Absolute, and seeing from that standpoint, will view this phenomenal world through and through, as through a glass, and recognize the sorry stuff of which it is made, the illusion of change which is its unsubstantial substance. And he will not be illusioned again, knowing the illusion of it all. This illusion of change is called in the Vedas and the philosophies of the Hindus, in one word—MAYA, which means that which seems substantial to the ignorant, though it is absolutely unsubstantial to the wise.

Yes, Love is the only thing real in this dream life, even if it be human love, although love is as divine as humanity is at bottom. Have you ever loved, loved absolutely, with enduring, all-surrendering love, the love that glories in its sacrifices, finding in them the greatest delights of existence? This is the love felt by human beings or angels, of which God is made up, of which religion is an expression, of which unbroken happiness is the main attribute—unbroken happiness which is the search of all human efforts, the goal of all existence, unbroken happiness which is the substance of Love that is the source of the universe, and to which the soul of this dream life is at all times tending.

All of our sense-experiences are forgotten like dreams, or recalled by old men as though these events of their lives belonged to a previous existence. But our experiences of Love, whatever its form, if it be love that has stirred our heart to its bottom, we can never forget to our dying day. These impressions and feelings of Love are like luminous stars shining always in the firmament of our consciousness, while the rest of the heavens, as in the early dawn, is covered with haze veiling the false brilliance of sense-perceptions. Yes, Love, divine or human, is the only reality in the midst of the phantasms and will-o-the-wisps of our fantastic sense-life. The memory of love endures because it is the substance of the Eternal—endures through this life and beyond life—until in some future existence we dive into its very Heart-Soul, the Center from which it radiates unto Infinity, called God, the Personal God which is the Energy-Form of His Abstract Essence—the Energy that is Love. This is the Reality, and because of its being at their bottom, the phantasms of phenomena hypnotize our senses into taking them for the Real. Catch hold of this foundation with your mind's grip, this Love at its Source and Center, and this dream-life will vanish from your mind's sight as the mists when kenned by the rising sun. Love is Life, and Life is Love. Love for the loving and not merely for the living, merely for drawing breath in the dream-world of the senses, which hides the reality of the Real life—Love.

Vedic Seed-Thoughts

By BISHWARUP CHATURVEDI

Now as to offspring: the mother (is) the first; the second element the father (is); offspring their junction; procreation (is) the means whereby they are conjoined. So far concerning offspring.—Taittiriopanishad, Part I, Sutra 5.

Mother, that which suckles and sustains, is the First element. Pervading life, that which produces and provides, is the Second principle, the father. Their conjunction is the universe. The means by which they are conjoined, Procreation, born of the desire for the manifoldness of the Two-in-One. Out of the unit the many have sprung.

God is the First element; the radiant Energy of God, the Second. The Third is the atoms thrown into being by the friction of the first and second elements. The friction of Procreation is the never-ending activity of life that resists a vacuum.

Man is the creator; his universe, that which is to hold his creation. His creation is himself manifested in actions.

Mind is the creator; his world—creation—thoughts, the actions by which it is manifested. Action is the mother of reaction, and the world—spiritual, mental, physical—the father which provides and protects their manifestation.

Naught is there that was not mothered. Naught was mothered that was not sustained by the second element which is the father of the offspring, and no offspring was that is not the result of the desire of the first and second elements, the two-in-one for manifoldness.

As the water which droppeth from the vapor-filled atmosphere was mothered by the ocean and drawn by the sun's rays unto heights to drop again as dew to earth, the offspring of the external mother-father Nature; so each action, personal and universal, was mothered by the Mother-Father Divinity in man or Nature (elements).

Out of silence no sound can be born. As there is naught that is noiseless, there can be no silence. The silence is but the sound of Nature's ceaseless activity. Out of a void nothing manifested can issue. A vacuum must ever destroy its own emptiness. So when activity ceases in the mind of man, its vital forces destroy themselves, the Mother-Father spark is dethroned and destruction reigns.

Love is the mother; the father mankind is; the offspring the deed that is a projected manifestation of love, a blessing, a service. Each today is mothered in yesterday and fathered in Time, and each yesterday hath given to projection a manifested self in today.

Every word that is, was fostered by the parents who conjoined by desire to cheat annihilation, to prevent a vacuum. The wink of the eye is but the desire to create an offspring from that action. The whisper of the night wind reproduces itself in an offspring by that still activity. The beat of the heart is child to one gone before and mother to that which shall follow. The throb of love is the creator of worlds to come, and traces its being to the breath of the Creator.

The sun shall ever be followed by a shadow and a shadow shall run before the sun. Activity is the artery of God that pulses through each desire of the mother-father reproduction in every minute atom that hath sprung from the Universal Parents in their desire for manifoldness.

The Message of Spring

By MARY WALTON

A MIRACLE is literally a wonderful thing, but as Carlyle says, "Is anything more wonderful than another, if you consider it maturely? I have seen no men rise from the dead; I have seen some thousands rise from nothing. I have not force to fly into the sun, but I have force to lift my hand, which is equally strange." And, indeed, many wonderful things are deemed commonplace, simply because they have become habitual. Could a single restoration from the dead be really more marvelous than the annual rehabilitation of the earth—the recurrent miracle of Spring? Is it less marvelous—in fact is it not more marvelous—that it occurs in regular cycle rather than as one isolated event? It is all so divinely natural that we are apt to overlook the miraculous in it, and attribute that quality only to those events which we are pleased to term supernatural. And yet really, what more wonderful manifestation is there in nature than this annual reawakening of the dead earth to life? What magical potency in the raindrop's touch, what heavenly magnetism in the sun's bright rays, what divine urge within the dull brown clods, what a sudden surge of life in earth and air and sky! It is rebirth, reincarnation, earth's proof of man's immortality, an answer clear and affirmative to the question, "Do we live again?" As surely as the earth reclothes itself each year after its winter's sleep is past, so surely does man reclothe himself after the sleep of death is over. The verdure of flowers and grass and trees is similar to the one discarded at winter's approach, similar, yet not the same, its beauty determined largely by the previous care and preparation bestowed upon it. And so it is with each new body that he takes on at each new birth; similar it may be to those he once has worn, similar yet never quite the same, for its present

welfare is in great measure the result of past actions in other lives. How wonderful this law, how miraculous indeed, how relentless yet how divinely just! It is the one explanation of life that explains itself, that can change despair into hope, and hope into certainty, that can give man courage to work and courage to wait.

The law of death and birth is as inexorable as that of the revolving seasons, but knowledge of that law enables one to profit by this apparent remorselessness. What despair would seize the land, if we did not have the absolute certainty that each night will bring its day, each winter its spring. But with this knowledge we can strive and sleep, work and wait in patience for the sure fulfilment of these gracious promises. So when we once believe in the law of reincarnation, we can endure more philosophically our present lot, and yet work more cheerfully for this life and the next. And once realizing that the only constant thing in this life is change, we can endeavor to make this very changefulness the means of reaching the changeless, just as a sailor is borne to land by the moving winds and sea.

We must all feel that this earth life, even at best, is but a succession of joys and sorrows, so the prospect of a future of lives and yet more lives spent on this earth, is scarcely exhilarating, unless we know that this is a process of evolution through which we all must pass, but which we are also bound eventually to outgrow. This thought acts both as a consolation and an incentive; it gives us hope for the future and at the same time spurs us on to live as well as we can these changeful lives that we may learn at last to live that changeless life that is the one life in all.

Whatever gift the blossoming Spring may bring us, it can give no greater boon than the knowledge of the miracle of rebirth.

POEMS OF THE HIMALAYAS

By A. CHRISTINA ALBERS

SUNRISE ON THE KUNCHINJUNGA

The vapors rise
To the morning skies,
Clad in a purple glory;
While the love-light glows
On th' Eternal Snows
Upon the summits hoary.
And the Himalaya's Queen,
Calm and serene,
Returns the heaven's greeting—

THE KUNCHINJUNGA SUNSET

Lo, the gold is on the hilltops,
While the shadows linger low,
And the fading hues of twilight
Cast their veil of purple glow.

Fondle soft the lofty splendor
In a rosy mist enshrined,
While the sun's departing glances
Send a last shy look behind.



SUNSET ON KUNCHINJUNGA

In robes of white,
Bathed in golden light—
Where earth and sky are meeting.
And the morning dews
And the mellow hues
Paint her cheeks in fairy fingers,
While o'er the rills
And the sun-kissed hills,
The love-light gently lingers.
And the breaking day
Sends the first faint ray
Of Love's undying fountains,
While the heart feels the thrills
Of the voice from the hills
And the Soul that dwells in the mountains.

Like young lovers, shyly blushing
At the secret of the heart,
Fondly linger on the threshold,
Softly whisp'ring ere they part.

Thus the Queen of the Himalayas
And the empyrean Lord of Day,
Ere departing, fondly linger
While the twilight steals away.

Until darkness draws the curtain,
And the last ray takes its flight,
And the Kunchinjunga slumbers
'Neath the fairy wings of night.

Mystic Musings

By BABA BHARATI

OUR CROW SIGHT

D ID you ever happen to notice the way the crow uses its eyes to look at things? When it looks on one side it turns the head and eye to that side, and looks in that direction only. And while looking on one side, it cannot see anything on the other side, which is evidenced by its turning the other eye quickly to take note of things on the other side. The crow is a sharp and alert bird. Even when hopping on the ground or perched on a tree branch, it keeps twisting and turning its head and eyes all the time to take in the situation around him every second. The reason of this action on the part of the crow is revealed in the Vedas of the Hindus. This Eternal Book of Wisdom says that the crow has one sight and two eyes—unlike man and all other animals with two eyes. This is the reason why the crow cannot see on the other side while it looks on one side. Having one sight, it cannot use it for both eyes at the same time. Now that I have put it to the reader, the reader can observe the crow's ways of looking.

In talking of the butterfly, I pointed out the wonderful spiritual lessons man can draw from its process of development from the caterpillar, passing through the chrysalis stage, into the state of bondage within the cocoon which it weaves around itself with the silk that comes out of its mouth, and from the cocoon stage, emerging into the open, as a freed butterfly. The butterfly is a most beautiful insect because of its wonderful colors and shape. It may be called the holiest because it is the cleanest in regard to what it feeds upon—honey and dew.

The crow, unlike the butterfly, if not ugly, is far from a good-looking creature, while it feeds on carrion and the dirtiest things of earth, and yet we can derive one of the greatest spiritual lessons from at least one phase of its make-up. Indeed, from the whole of Nature which in one word may be called Life, we can derive lessons of wisdom, if our intelligence is alert and clear to look for it, in the minutest, lowliest, or even the filthiest of Nature's products.

I have said in my lectures and articles, it is the mind that is the sense of all the senses that we possess as human beings. When the mind is absent from the object of the senses, the senses fail to cognize their objects. When the mind is thinking hard and concentratedly on something absent from where we are, our eyes see and yet see not, our ears hear and yet hear not, and so in regard to the other senses. We have, therefore, one sense governing all the senses, and this sense is the sense of mind. It is with the mind's eyes, mind's sight that we see, and our physical eyes are really nonentities, when the mind-sight is not with them. Like the crow, therefore, we have one sight and two eyes which are but channels for the mind's sight to look through. If the mind's sight looks through one eye, the other eye sees nothing on its side. Really the mind alone sees. When the mind is interested in something which it thinks to be attractive, the ugliness which the eyes discover of that thing does not count. So Shakespeare, the inspired bard of England, puts it thus:

"Love sees not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is the winged Cupid painted blind."

This world is all mind-stuff, perceived by the mind alone. What we do not perceive by the mind does not exist to us individually at all. According

to Hindu philosophy, the phenomenal world is but the materialized expression of the Divine or Universal Mind, and our mind, which is an inseparable part of the Universal Mind, perceives these materialized manifestations of the Universal Mind by its own sense. The human mind has several planes within it, interpenetrating one another like the Universal Mind. And each mental plane has its senses of perception—psychical senses, spiritual and absolute senses, belonging respectively to the psychic, spiritual and absolute planes. Generally the human mind perceives the objects of the material plane, because it dwells constantly on material things. When it is absorbed in the thought of material objects, it cannot perceive or even think of the spiritual plane. When it thinks of the spiritual plane it cannot think or perceive the objects of the material plane. Thus in such cases the mind may be said to have one sight and two eyes—material and spiritual. When it looks through material eyes, everything is material to it. It is colored and mixed up with the atmosphere of the material. When it sees through the spiritual eye, things are all spiritual—everything is instinct with spiritual life and invested with spiritual hue. Thus we see in some cases, somebody is material and spiritual too. When his mind is wrapped up in the material, he seems to be a material brute with no spiritual instinct manifest at all. Then again, when in the company of spiritual people, and in an spiritual atmosphere, he seems all spiritual with nothing of the material in him. This person—man or woman—will grow. The mind of such a person is in the process of spiritual growth. If the mind has more association with spiritual things and ideas than the material daily, daily and constantly, the spiritual instinct and sense will out-balance the other, and the mind's growth will progress toward the Absolute. When it reaches the Absolute, which is the highest attainment of all spiritual sense, it will see nothing but spiritual in all that it sees—will see the spiritual even within the material—the material has vanished from its sight and sense altogether. Even the material encasement of this mind is spiritualized—aye, even the physical body has become divine, transformed into spiritual stuff in every atom of it. He may for a time not perceive the transformation, and may even think that he is yet material and physical; but the time will come when he will realize his practical realization of the materialized expression of the spiritual being transmuted into its original essence and stuff. Indeed in all things he will sense the spiritual. Not only does he feel spiritual within and without him, he even sniffs the spiritual in his inbreathing and outbreathing, he tastes the spiritual in everything he tastes, and his absolute spiritual development fills him with a sense of power and freedom which resists and counteracts all evil he meets on his path in his evolutionary career.

Such a man of absolute spirituality finds out that the sight of the mind is really the sight of the Absolute, of the Divine Essence which pervades and permeates all phenomena. This thing that I am calling the Absolute is Love, the basic principle of all life—Love Absolute, which is God, which is the essence of the Divine Spirit, and is in every atom of the universe as its soul—aye, every atom, man included, because man is but a developed atom. The human mind-sight which is the sight of fleshly eyes, is the light of the soul. This one soul-sight has two eyes, and like the one sight of the crow, looking through one eye each time, this one soul-sight in man looks through only one eye at a time, either the material or the spiritual. And, like the crow, again, it sees one side of life, and when looking on that one side, fails to see anything on the other side. The spiritual eye, therefore, has got to be looked through with the sight of the soul as constantly as possible, so that the mind becomes habituated to dwell on the spiritual altogether.

The Yogi and the Hunter

By ROSE REINHARDT ANTHON

A SOFT, brown fluttering thing, a bird with a shaft caught fast in its blood-spread breast, fell at the feet of the ensilenced Yogi, who for hours had sat in deep meditation at the foot of a broad-branching tree in the green heart of a jungle. The hunter, following the path of his flying arrow, found himself thus confronted by the Yogi, who rudely awakened from his trance-like attitude, looked upon him rebukingly.

Now in this land of castes and spirituality, he that is a slayer of living things, be they large or small, bird or beast, is out of the pale of all castes and is considered so unclean that his very touch is regarded as pollution. So great was the fear and consternation that overcame the hunter when he found himself before the Yogi that he quickly prostrated himself to him and said:

"O thou holy one, forgive me for having intruded upon thy meditation. I know how unseemly it is for such as I, who make my living by the hunting and slaying of flesh, to come before thee, but I saw thee not, as thou didst sit in stillness. I saw only the bird perched upon the bough above thy head, and so intent was I upon its slaying that everything else was blotted from sight. So I beg thee to forgive me and allow me to depart in peace. Do not follow me with thy anger, O Yogi, for having brought my unclean presence before thee."

The Yogi, looking upon him wrathfully, said:

"Thou has aroused me from my silence. Thou has caused a dead thing to fall upon me, thou hast polluted my atmosphere with thine unclean presence. And because of this, I could, by the power of my wrath, cause thee to die."

The frightened hunter writhed:

"But do it not, kind sir," he implored again, helplessly, "I pray thee, do it not. I know it for certain that

though I fly to mountain heights or sink to the depths of the ocean, thou in thy wrath couldst reach me there. So do it not, O spirit-potent one! I am too small for thy power. But ask any service thou wilt of me, for the expiation of my unconscious wrong to thee and I will render it to my uttermost might. Only do not visit thy wrath upon me, holy sir, for the sake of my wife and my little ones, who would perish for want of life's sustenance if I am no more, for I am their only provider. If thou wilt forgive me and let me go, I shall never cross thy path again or come within a long radius of your holy seat."

The Yogi looked at the hunter with unchanged sternness and then said:

"Go thou, then, since thou wouldst serve me and thus escape my anger. Go thou far and broad into the forest and find thou my boy, my truant boy who comes not at my call, but wanders ever away, sometimes near, sometimes far, aye, ever in waywardness strays from me though I long for him. Go, seek him and bring him to me. Krishna is his name. Call upon his name and he will come to thee and thou wilt bring him to me. Thus only canst thou escape the punishment thou so richly deservest, and return to thy home and people untouched by my wrath."

The hunter repeated the name slowly, "Krishna, Krishna." "Tell me, O Yogi," he asked, "how he looks, and I will hunt the jungle day and night and bring him to thee if he is to be found therein."

A slow smile of peace came upon the face of the Yogi, as he answered:

"The boy thou art to bring before me is of great beauty and grace. His garment is of rich and rare texture and gold in color. His complexion is dark, but with unchanging light of unwavering love gleaming from within until color is quite lost in the glory of that light. His brow is crowned by

three peacock plumes, and in his hands he bears a flute upon which he makes strains of music that cause all hearts to throb in ecstasy because of its sweetness. This is the boy I will have thee find. And if thou art so fortunate as to catch him and bring him hither, thou shalt not only gain my forgiveness, but my blessing shall be with thee from now unto all life."

Happy in this given promise, the hunter rushed into the jungle calling the name, "Krishna, Krishna," until the echo fell fainter and fainter on the ears of the silent Yogi who listened with a still smile on his lips.

And so the days passed until three were gone, when suddenly the hunter appeared before the Yogi, footsore and weary, and said unto him:

"O holy sir, I see the boy often when I call his name, but only as a flash, and then he is gone again. Oftimes, in the far distance, I hear the sweet strain of his flute as if in answer to my call. But ever, as I follow it, and seem to come upon him, lo, he is not there! And again from the far distance the flute I hear, and the flash of his garment I behold, and then, woe is me!—he vanishes, or is too far in the distance for me to overtake him. Once, O sir, I caught the flash of his eye. Oh, wondrous eye it was! And it seemed to me I must follow forever to again see the flash thereof. And I wonder not, O sir, that thou art sad, and wouldst have this wayward but bewilderingly beautiful boy with thee. But I have come back to thee tired and worn, to tell thee that he eludes me forever, and empty-handed, my quest in vain. I beg thee to allow me to return to my wife and children who ere now must have missed me sorely."

While the hunter was speaking, the Yogi sat gazing at him with wonder slowly growing in his eyes of wisdom, and when he paused, he said:

"Away, thou fortunate one! Bring to me this boy. Call upon him, follow him, catch him and fetch him to me, else never expect mercy from me."

And again the hunter hurried away, calling "Krishna, Krishna," until the jungle rang and echoed and re-echoed with that name. To and fro he rushed ever calling, calling, now chasing here, now there, gazing into the thickets, peering behind the trees and anon crawling through the interlaced branches of undergrowth, until again the days and nights were passed. But he knew not of the passing because of the wild joy in the chase of the boy who lured him from the distances by the glance of his eye exquisite and the strains of his flute entrancing, until he once more stood before the Yogi. But this time he was not footsore or weary or frightened, but with flushed cheek, triumphant brow and glad voice he called forth:

"Here, O Yogi, is he whom thou seekest. Long and hard have I chased him, and over and again hath he eluded me. But elusive and mischievous as he is, I have caught him at last and bring him to thee. For three days I followed the gleam of his golden garment, the flutter of his mantle in the breeze, the waving of his peacock plumes and the strains of his flute. Hither and thither he darted, flashed the beauty of his eye upon me, and then the splendor of his smile which quite outrivalled the jewel on his breast. But I have him now. I bring him to thee though he even now struggles to flee from me. But he cannot. I hold him tight. And now that I come to give him to thee, I cannot, I cannot; for his glance has made me forget the world, his smile has made me forget all that it holds, his flute has filled me with longings for that which only his beauty can satisfy, be mine also. Let me stay here I pray. Though he is thine, O Yogi, oh let him thee, to serve thee, so that I may be near him always."

The Yogi stared at the glorified mien of the hunter who seemed to be grasping something which struggled to escape, but which the Yogi could not see. "What art thou saying?" he said, "I see no boy with thee. I see only thee."

"Why," the hunter exclaimed in surprise, "dost thou not see thy boy, Krishna, whom I hold here? Come, take him, lest he escape again."

Intently the Yogi gazed toward him, and close at the side of the hunter there flashed before his vision the outline of a figure, shadowy, faint, entrancing. It gleamed for an instant, then vanished though the hunter still struggled to hold the figure beside him.

Then the Yogi rose and fell at the feet of the hunter and said:

"O fortunate one! O man that is blessed beyond human ken! Thou art a Yogi of the highest rank and I am an outcast compared to thee. Didst thou call me a holy Yogi and thyself an untouchable pariah? The reverse is the truth. Whoever like thee has searched and reached and grasped the Holy of holies is the holiest Brahman, the highest saint, the greatest Yogi; and whoever, like me, has failed to do

so, is a pariah, a false saint, and of unclean soul and body, though born a Brahman and trained in Yogi. It was to serve thee that I frightened thee, with mock anger, in turning thy mind from the killing of life to the Source of All Life, for I saw thee possessed of absolute concentration born of thy past birth. This I recognized when I saw how thou couldst see a bird above my head and yet not see that head, yea, couldst see only the bird to the exclusion of all else. I was right, for by the power of that absolute concentration thou hast in six days found what I have sought in vain in silent meditation for a lifetime. Dost thou know whom thou beholdest, O thou unconscious one? It is the Seedless One, yet the Seed of all Creation. He is the Lord of Love, the Youth Eternal and yet the Ancient of All Ages. He is the Soul of the Universe,—the Supreme Being in Manifest form, the Lover and Beloved of All.—Krishna himself!"

THE RAIN TREE OF PERU

ONE of the botanical curiosities of Peru which offers a protection against drought, is the rain-tree, and some interesting particulars of it are given in Chamber's Journal. The tree, which grows to large proportions, is supplied with large leaves which have the property of condensing the moisture of the atmosphere and precipitating it in the form of rain. When the rivers are at their lowest during the dry season, and the heat is intense, the condensing capacity of this tree is apparently at its highest, the water falling from the leaves and oozing from the trunk in a steady, continuous stream, flowing over the immediately surrounding ground, and nourishing the parched soil. This water can be collected and carried by ditches to distant points for irrigation purposes. It is stated that a single tree will yield on an average nine gallons of water per day. It is computed that if a plot of ground a kilometre square is planted with ten thousand trees, a daily yield of nearly thirty thousand gallons of water available for irrigation, with due allowance for evaporation, can be secured. The rain-tree appears to be indifferent as to the soil in which it grows, can withstand extreme climatic fluctuations, and needs but little care in its cultivation, and grows rapidly. It would seem that under these circumstances nature has provided a simple and effective means of reclaiming the desert, and that the widespread cultivation of the rain-tree would be amply repaid, inasmuch as there are vast tracts of country in all the five continents which at present have no economic value owing to absence of water-supplies for nourishing the soil, which might be easily secured by systematic culture of this tree.

A Lady Musician from India

By BABA BHARATI

STRANGE things are happening in these stirring times in which we are now living, times in which events that seem far off or even undreamed of are being drawn into their bosom. A few years ago, nobody in America would have thought, or no Hindu in India, for that matter, that a Brahman lady of most respectable parentage and unspoiled by English education, though possessing that education, would cross "over the seven seas and thirteen rivers" to America, accompanied by her husband and children, to give America a taste of the soul-stirring divinely scientific music of holy Hindustan. And yet the event has come to pass. Her name is Srimati Satyabala Devi; "Srimati" is the Hindu prefix to designate a woman.

I met Satyabala Devi in Yokohama, Japan, where I and she and her husband were guests of the same host, a Hindu merchant, Mr. Thakur Das, of the firm of Dhannamal Chellaram. Even in Japan I was surprised to meet her, an unspoiled Hindu lady, unspoiled by the new materialistic civilization. Indeed, as a Hindu lady abroad, she was the real article.

What surprised me more was that she was a Bengali girl, with the shrinking modesty peculiar to Bengali women. No doubt she had braved the seas and was out of the purdah entirely, and, unlike her sisters at home, braved the limelight of public exposure. But even in that bravery she retained the grace of her genuinely Hindu femininity, devoted to her husband.

Strange things are happening in these stirring times in which we are now living, times in which events that seem far off or even undreamed of are being with the all-surrendering devotion of a Hindu wife. She had crossed the seas with him and was about now to cross the biggest ocean in the world to visit a land farthest from her native shore. Dr. Desa, her husband, had been educated and graduated as a Doctor of Medicine in England, where he was in practice for some years, and latterly for many years in India. He knew Western lands and peoples, and was quite at home in the idea of his visit to America; but his wife, a Bengali girl, seemed to be filled with trepidation, although she seemed to put the best face upon it. When she met me she seemed to cheer up, having heard that I had been in America for five years. We finally set sail on the same boat and landed in Seattle. There, for the first time, she mixed in American society, and I was astonished to mark how she bore herself to Americans with a dignity as natural as it was eloquent of her Hindu individuality. After a few months, she went across to the Atlantic coast, and then came my greatest surprise about her in the shape of a report of her luminous lecture at Carnegie Hall, New York, on Hindu music, illustrated by a performance on the divine Vina of India, a musical instrument as ancient as Creation. I give below some excerpts from this lecture, bristling throughout with most original ideas about the soul of music and bold, yet apt criticisms of modern music in the West. She said:

India at various periods of history has substantially helped all the nations of the world in the acquisition of all that is good and great in humanity, particularly arts, science and religion. Today I am concerned with but one of these sciences, namely Hindu Music as played on Vina. Vina is the oldest musical instrument known to humanity. Vina in Sanskrit means voice apparatus or larynx, and the instrument was so called because it was constructed with the ideal of imitating human voice and expressions, and which the instrument actually does, as you will see from the music I now play before you on the Vina.

Here Satyabala Devi played a composition in Ragini Deepaka by Gopal Naik, a contemporary of Akbar.

When the music stopped, the generous American audience gave an outburst of applause such as a Caruso or a Padarewski could receive.

Satyabala Devi continuing, said:—The Ragini Deepaka I played before you today is not finished. The construction of the Ragini is such that I could play variations upon its scale through time and eternity, and I would each time produce a new combination of notes in the same scale. This is the genius of Hindu Music, and no wonder Hindus believe that their music is divine, and descended from Gods.

The Vina is said to be the favorite musical instrument of God Mahadeo. Goddess Sarasvati plays on it, in those superterrestrial regions where the immortal Gods of India ever exist. On earth it has been played by Bharat, Hanuman, Narad—all of them, our great historical sages and characters.

A considerable difficulty is found in setting to musical notation the Ragas and Raginis of Hindustan, as our system does not supply notes or signs, sufficiently expressive of the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies, of which the timing is most difficult and the modulations frequent and very wild. Such Tals or timings as Brahma Tal or Lachmi Tal are known to Hindus only.

Even European professors of music here in America tried to set to notation Ragini Malar, as it is played by me on Vina, and they gave up the attempt in despair. Why? Because you can put letters to notation, but you can never put expressions and life to notation. Vina music has life, and I believe my Vina is as much alive as I am.

Sometimes on a cloudy day I feel depressed, and take up my Vina for amusement. What happens? The instrument positively refuses to play cheerful melodies as Kallian or Kaffi but will express correctly Durbari Kanada or Asavari.

A music like this is most difficult to learn or propagate. Everything that is good and great is difficult of acquisition.

Whatever magic was in the touch, when Orpheus swept his Lyre or Timotheus filled his softly breathing flute, the effects produced by Hindu music are even more extraordinary than any of those described in the music of the Ancient Greek or Roman Gods. The very fact that not one of the European Universities can reproduce a single melody that Minerva played goes to show that the music died because it was not found worth propagating or that it was too difficult to be transmitted to a progeny that had no ears for music.

Any nation that is deprived of generosity, kindness, sympathy and love, will never develop the divinity of music. Music in such a nation will die out, and its place will be taken by noise, that horrible noise, which can touch the senses but not the Soul. None of our divine musicians ever played music to gratify senses. They always played and touched the soul. How can you expect a mathematician who is trying to bring down music to a level of cool calculation to preserve its quality as a soul-touching media? And that to me seems to be the fate of all modern music. People in America want new music every day. They will breathe the same air every day, will drink water, milk and honey all throughout their life without change. The food for the body is the same throughout the whole lifetime. And yet, music the food for soul must change. No good stuff need ever change, unless you replace the good wholesome cow's milk with artificial milk made of oil and lime water. Our music has never changed since it appeared, because we Hindus believe and feel that our soul is immortal and our music has also got to be immortal, it being an attitude of soul and emanation from divinity. Music intended for senses must always change, for senses are perishable. Shabda Brahma (Eternal Word) is unchangeable. European Music will go on chang-

ing till automatic pianos will sing, and the art of singing and playing by human beings will disappear, and be replaced by singing machines of all kinds. God help the future of music. In America and Europe, your best musicians die unknown. Your best music is consigned to oblivion. If one has no money to advertise himself as a genius, there is no chance for him but to die unknown and unheard of in this civilized country of yours.

Mian Tansen, a wonderful musician in the time of the Great Mogul Emperor, Akbar, the music of whose time I just played before you, sung one of the night Ragas at mid-day; the powers of his music were such, they say, that it instantly became night; and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace of Emperor Akbar, as far as the sound of his voice could be heard.

The effect of the Ragini Megh-Malar is said to be to produce rain. One of my Bengali sisters in days gone by is reported, by exerting the power of her voice in the Ragini, to have drawn down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers on the parched rice crops of Bengal, and thereby averted the horrors of famine from the paradise of regions, for such my Bengal really is. I believe in the divine powers of Hindu Music, which means: in the beginning was the word—and the word was with God.

Mr. Francis Fawkes in a letter to Sir William Jones describes an Hindu instrument called Bin or Vina. "The style of music," he says, "on this instrument is in general that of great execution. The music consists of a number of detached passages, some very regular in their ascent and descent; and those that are played softly are both uncommon and pleasing. The open wires are struck from time to time in a manner that I think prepares the ear for a change in the modulation to which the uncommonly full and fine tones of these notes greatly contribute. The supposition that the Hindu Music has at some period been much superior to the present practice—the style, scale and authority of this instrument would greatly confirm the supposition."

From my personal experience I entirely agree with what this good and great Englishman says, for this gentleman has the courage to speak truth as he believes it to be.

Hindu Music has indeed been great and so long as Vina exists in Hindustan no one dare dispute this fact. I do not know of any European instrument that can execute the same expressions as Vina does. It was perfect when it was first conceived, for what conception of a musical instrument could be higher than that it should imitate human voice. Vina is perfect even now, for humanity in this advanced 20th century knows of no better instrument and I do not think in the future a better and a higher conception of musical instrument will ever be developed. The highest conception of a musical instrument will always remain the same—the imitation of the human voice and expressions.

There is an excavation at Mahabalipatam described by Mr. Goldingham in the Asiatic Researches. It is a piece of sculpture representing Krishna attending the herd of Nanda. One of the group represents a man diverting an infant by playing on a Vina.

I now draw your attention to the place music occupied in our social and religious life as a gift of our Gods.

In ancient India music was used for two purposes, worship of the divinity and curing of human ailments. I shall now play before you our religious music. This is the Oldest Sam-Veda music. We are a religious nation. We are a God-fearing peaceful people. And I know this music I have set on phonograph discs for the benefit of my countrymen will help every man and woman in my country to learn this beautiful music of Sam-Veda.

Churchianity X-Rayed

By PASTOR RUSSELL

(Of the Brooklyn Tabernacle)

MANY besides myself surely were astonished to read the following extract from the Wall Street Journal, under the caption, "What America Needs":

"What America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety, the kind father and mother used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit field work a half an hour earlier Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting. That's what we need now to clean the country of filth, of graft, and of greed, petty and big, of worship of fine houses and big lands, and high office and grand social functions."

This reached the eye of Bishop Candler, whose comment is so appropriate that I cannot do better than quote it here:

"This editor is right in calling us back to more earnest forms of life than all these things involved. He wants religion in the home; he calls for lives of prayer; he insists that we need the most earnest type of religion to save the country from moral wreck. And he is right. But can we get that sort of religion under the spur of the motive to which he appeals? Hardly.

"We cannot get a revival of religion by seeking a revival of religion. Nowhere in God's Word are men admonished to seek religion or to seek a revival of religion. They are always urged to seek God. All the revivals of religion which have blessed the world in the history of the past have come when men have undertaken to seek God. None have ever come otherwise. We cannot deify even a revival of religion. God must be the supreme object of our love and desire.

EXPLAINED AWAY THE WORD OF GOD.

"Herein is our trouble—we have lost God. Men called preachers have explained away the Word of God, making it no longer a sure word of prophecy, but an antique for the critic to analyze and discuss. The moral law has been lowered. The ten commandments have been reckoned as a piece of Mosaic plagiarism applicable to the moral needs of ancient nomads in the wilderness, but have no more than a qualified bearing on the life of today. The Sermon on the Mount has been treated as 'An iridescent dream.'

"The Lordship of Jesus Christ has been denied, while treacherous compliments have been poured out upon His name, as that of a great teacher and a noble martyr. His teachings have been defied or set aside wherever they have stood in the way of a rampant worldliness or an insurgent rationalism. The outcome of it all is that multiplied thousands have lost all knowledge of God in their souls. To all intents and purposes God is dead to them. They take no account of His will in any of their plans and doings, but live as if there were no God. They are atheists without taking the trouble to declare formally the atheism which they have inwardly accepted.

"The people must now be called to seek God. He is a real, living Person, and He will be found of those who sincerely seek Him. But He must be sought as the supreme need of the lives of men. He must be sought for His own sake. He will not be found of men who seek Him simply to remedy a bad commercial situation, or to cure social and political ills. He will not consent to be used as a sort of celestial and omniscient chief-of-police to help us suppress grafting and stealing and licentiousness.

"It is quite true that if all the people turned to God they would be turned away from every evil thing. But they

will never turn to God until they feel that the worst disaster in life is that one should fail to know the heavenly Father. They must be made to feel the sorrowfulness of the orphanage of the soul until like the prodigal in the parable, they begin to say, each within himself, 'I will arise and go to my Father.'

"We have had already too great a disposition to try to use God for all sorts of social ameliorations, moral reforms and political renovations. It is time now we sought Him for Himself alone. It is time we began to cry with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.' Then indeed we shall find him, when our hearts pant for Him, as the hart panteth after the water-brooks."

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY.

The words of the Wall Street Journal respecting the need of the old-time religion are along proper lines. The Bishop sees clearly what I also have so frequently pointed out, namely, that the so-called New Theology, Higher Criticism and Evolution theory have so undermined faith that it would be folly to look for a return of the pious earnestness of the past, which was built upon a living faith, even though it was not the pure faith, "once delivered unto the saints." (Jude 3).

We do not admit that none today are pious; that none are what St. Paul styled "sanctified in Christ Jesus." (I Corinthians i 2). We claim that there are as honest, as upright, as loyal children of God today as ever lived in the world. But they are few. The vast majority, under the false teaching mentioned by the Bishop, have utterly lost the "faith once delivered to the saints." The great majority of professed Christians are drifting. Long ago they gave up the creeds of the "dark ages," and, believing that the Bible taught the same things as the creeds, it also is being abandoned as too absurd for present-day intelligence. Higher Criticism (another name for infidelity and opposition to the Bible), Evolution, Christian Science, Theosophy and Atheism

have swallowed up the majority of the intellectuals of the Churches, and the mediocre masses are rapidly following them into the outer darkness of unbelief and godlessness.

It is impossible for an honest man who has lost his faith in God, and in the Bible as the word of God, to take a real heart-interest in prayer-meetings, in Bible study and in attempted holy living. He finds nothing substantial for his faith to rest upon. He scorns to be a hypocrite. Hence the old-time religious life is not to be generally expected.

ON MODERN REVIVALS

Modern revival methods (slangy talk, clownish actions and a pretense that rising to one's feet in a public assembly means Christian reformation and spirit-begetting) are too foolish for thinking people of the class represented by the editor of the Wall Street Journal. It is not for us to say that absolutely nothing is accomplished, and that all fall away who, under excitement stand up to be prayed for, or to indicate that they prefer to spend eternity in bliss rather than in torture. We do, however, mean to say that such persons are bewildered, if no worse, and a year after, we fear, are as bad or worse than the year before. This is because they are not really converted—because they have no real foundation for faith given them, and no faith to put upon such a foundation. They are not even what St. Paul styles "Babes in Christ" (I Corinthians iii, 1), for only the spirit-begotten belong to that class.

WHAT IS REALLY NEEDED.

The revival really needed should not be looked for nor expected amongst worldly people. They have nothing of Christianity to revive. It should begin with Christians who have not yet lost all their faith in God and in the Bible. These should become awakened to the fact that spirituality and faith are at a low ebb. Their prayers should ascend to God, and their Bibles should be studied as never before. **They should make use of present-day helps in their Bible study and become fervent and revived of spirit through a better un-**

derstanding of the Scriptures. They must see that the Bible was not properly represented in the creeds of the past; that it is in direct opposition to many of the doctrines of the past which have justly become repulsive to intelligent minds.

When once they get the proper focus on God's Word, one passage illuminating another, their faith in God and in the Bible will become a living one, a moving one, and, with this spirit, faith and works will come—Christian zeal, fervency of spirit in the service of the Lord. With these in turn will come activities in helping one another, activities in family worship, in Bible classes, in prayer and testimony meetings, etc. Then, as the Master said, they will let their light shine and the worldly will see and be influenced by these living epistles, known and read of all. (II Corinthians iii, 2).

It is useless for any to attempt to believe, or to attempt to teach others that God is great, and just, and loving, while at the same time teaching that He prepared, before the foundation of the world, an immense torture chamber in which thousands of millions would be forced to spend eternity. How our forefathers could believe this and yet believe somehow or other that God is Love we do not understand. It was their faith in God's Love, and not their faith in eternal torment, which constituted the power of God working in them for good and which offset the errors of their creeds to a large degree. But no one of today who is at all awake can any longer think of worshipping a God inferior to himself. A God unjust and unloving, or unkind and powerless, can no longer be worshiped in spirit and in Truth.

What the world needs, and what first of all the Church needs, is to get doctrinally straight in respect to the Almighty's character, and in respect to his purposes for His human creatures. As soon as this condition of mind shall have been reached, there will be no need to pray or ask for revivals of re-

ligion—they will follow irresistibly.

But what do we see opposing any such desirable denouement? We see two hundred thousand Protestant ministers and Sunday-school superintendents working against such desirable results. We see about two-thirds of them advocating higher criticism-infidelity and one-third of them striving to hold the people in ignorance respecting the teachings of the Bible concerning man's future—seeking, by inference at least, to uphold the atrocious doctrines of devils foisted upon God's people by the great adversary during the "dark age." It is a sad picture. Has it no silver lining?

THE CLOUD'S SILVER LINING.

There are still a saintly few in the world who are not bowing their knee to Baal, not worshipping the golden calf of mammon, not wandering, not seeking to prove that they are descendants of monkeys, not seeking to figure God out of creation and to say that nature is God. In this time, when others are going into outer darkness, these children of God, feeding upon His word, are being blessed and refreshed in spirit as never before. To them God's word is shining more brightly as the days go by; the rough places are becoming smooth and the dark places clear. To them the glory of the divine character is being revealed. The secret of the Lord is with them. He is showing them His covenant and making them to understand many of the deep things of his word, which the natural eye has not seen, nor the natural ear heard, neither have these things entered into the heart of the natural man—things which He hath in reservation for them that love him.

These are now seeing that the kingdom for which He taught us to pray is not a myth; these are seeing that it did not come at Pentecost, nor when Papacy was established, nor with the establishment of any of the sects of Christendom. Consequently they are now praying from the heart, "Thy Kingdom come," and waiting for the glorious Messiah.

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